# UNITY

*FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION*

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
*Editor in Chief*

Louis L. Mann
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## Belle Case La Follette

*By* ZONA GALE

## Items from a Traveler's Note Book

*VI. A Nation Slipping Into the Abyss*

*By* JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

## California and Criminal Syndicalism

*By* ROBERT WHITAKER

## The Psychologist Looks At the Preacher

*By* GEORGE YEISLEY RUSK

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## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### The British Commonwealth and Indian Nationalism at the Institute of Politics

Williamstown provides a perfect environment for a conference intended to beget goodwill and mutual understanding—The quiet, the beauty of the trees and lawns, the enfolding hills, the suave and genial chairman, the suggestion of scholastic rules—(if not expressed at least implicit)—these and many other factors tend to create an attitude of appreciation and courtesy that readily affiliates itself with the academic atmosphere of the place.

Perhaps it was in part the potency of these various influences that caused the speakers to be seized by a bouquet throwing impulse when the British Commonwealth of Nations came up for discussion. Looking on and listening in was an entertaining experience and certain impressions have remained as the residuum of that experience.

To one who has made a lifelong study of British Colonial History and has lived for many years under the administration of a British colony, it might come as a pardonable surprise to hear how adequate and how admirable has been the imperial policy that begat and administered these colonies. But the surprise would soon pass and one would realize that the bouquets so gaily tossed were a trifle stale and thrown to a prima donna well beyond her prime, with voice somewhat strained and temper slightly frayed. In looking back upon the discussion one feels that a kindly effort was unanimously made to induce the prima donna to forget for the time being the passing of her power. However, it did appear a bit farcical to hear her admonished to use sterner and more repressive measures (Shades of Peshawar!)—but that was doubtless intended to put her at ease in regard to the measures it was her custom to use. As to the arguments in support of British Imperial Policies one has but to remember that given the premise "Britain can do no wrong," the most flattering deductions become sound and logical conclusions.

India, the touchstone of British empire, was not discussed until a week later. Yet it was almost inevitable that there should be allusions to this pivotal subject while the Commonwealth was on the agenda—These allusions were sometimes in the way of implications or jests that tended to make Indian Nationalism appear inconsequent and Gandhi ridiculous—A mistaken maneuver, for obviously such trivialities as teeth and loin-cloth have small value at a serious conference supposed to be of international importance. Barring the question of good taste, we really did not need a delegate from overseas to acquaint us with Mahatma Gandhi's appearance—It has been widely advertised and is rarely omitted from the speech of a British imperialist.

(*Continued on page* 31)

# UNITY

*"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"*

VOLUME CVIII MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1931 NUMBER 2

## RELIGION OF THE FUTURE

**That there are tendencies in the American churches toward sacrificing ecclesiastical interests in behalf of wider social values will not be denied. But the probabilities of their becoming dominant are manifestly less than the possibilities. They have yet to feel the full weight of resisting tradition, they have yet to meet the full force of the opposing world. If capitalism proves incapable of being gradually transformed into a more efficient and ethical economic order the probability of Protestantism becoming an ethical religion is further diminished, for from their beginnings the life of these two have been intertwined—in both action and reaction. But the incalculable element in any revolutionary struggle, as Trotsky the determinist—of all persons—has recently reminded us in the story of his life, is the reserves of personality. So it is in the undeveloped capacities of that minority in our churches who have the vision of an ethical religion, along with the desire to realize it, that the future of American Protestantism lies hidden.**

**For them it is never too late, because their function is not to seize power but always to remain a minority, never content to rest on any ground won, always pressing on to new frontiers. The work of their hands cannot come to naught. If not here then elsewhere the principles for which they stand, because they are indispensable to the ongoing of human institutions and the realization of personality, will animate the religion of the future.**

—*Harry F. Ward* in "Which Way Religion?"

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When a practice becomes economically unprofitable it becomes morally bad. At least that has been the course most commonly taken by men in the past. For some time we have been wondering how long it would be before men discovered that war was unprofitable. And lo, along comes Senator Borah who urges the nations of the world to stop building navies for the next five years. By so doing he argues that the five so-called naval nations could save $5,000,000,000, and thus aid in economic recovery. It has been comparatively easy until now for the "bigger and better' armament advocates to arouse sufficient public sentiment to back their proposals. But now there is actual want and suffering on the part of millions in this country who never before knew what it was to be hungry or in need. It is therefore safe to assume that when the navy department goes before the next congress and asks for an appropriation of $145,000,000 for battleship modernization that a nation-wide demand will be made to use this and additional money for the prosecution of such public works as will not increase the tax burden, and at the same time assist in the creation of such products as will be a blessing and not a curse to all mankind. Already England is face to face with this very issue. She must either decrease her per capita unemployment allowance, or reduce her budget for armaments. In this country we are approaching the same condition; for we are passing on our current expense to posterity—a thing almost unheard of in this country. If ever there was a time to convert the engine of destruction into machinery of construction that time is now. And thrice blessed will be that nation which shows the world how to create instead of destroy.

We have expected it right along, and are surprised that it has not been proposed ere this, namely, "that prominent business men, financial experts, and captains of industry present President Hoover with a petition to urge congress to pass a 3% beer law to aid unemployment." Now if our memory is not at fault, we recall this as the very argument used in 1917-'18 to bring about prohibition. We were told then that here are millions of bushels of grain being literally wasted while people are starving, and that here are hundreds of thousands of men employed by the breweries who ought to be engaged at more productive occupations. In other words, here were millions of dollars being wasted for no good whatever except to produce unholy wealth for a few. Now that we have tried this scheme we are urged to go back and commit the same mistake again. If the saloon was out-lawed because it was unprofitable to the nation and to individuals, how can it be reestablished again as a means to aid the return of prosperity? If the saloon caused men to squander their wages then, what proof have we that they will not do so again? Moreover, such reasoning seems to be about as illogical as it can be. In the editorial above we have just stated Senator Borah's demand for the reduction of armaments as an aid to unemployment. If the logic of those who advocate the return of beer were followed, we expect to hear of some one proposing an increase in armaments as an aid to unemployment because the building of more battleships will put the workers back in the factories. Surely there ought to be some little consideration as to what the products of the labor which we are asked to produce as an aid to helping the unemployment situation, will do for

society. Why not a selling campaign to increase the use of firearms, narcotics, obscene books, and the re-establishment of the red-light district as a means to relieve unemployment? Surely increased sales and use of these means will put hundreds of thousands of men to work. Ah yes, but at what cost to themselves and society?

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There will be people aplenty, to condemn Ramsay MacDonald for the so called break with his party. Yet we know of nothing quite so sublime among politicians or statesmen as that of placing the well-being of one's country above one's party. When one realizes that Mr. MacDonald has committed the unpardonable political sin of trying to save one's country instead of one's party one must indeed tremble at the price he shall be called upon to pay at the hands of his former party comrades. Thus instead of being a traitor he has at once moved into the ranks of the truly great. The nearest approach to such an example in our country is to be found in Woodrow Wilson's ill-fated attempt to carry his League of Nations proposal directly to the American people after his own party and the republican irreconcilables refused to listen to him. He, like MacDonald, felt that here was a matter greater than any party, yea, even greater than any nation. But unlike MacDonald, death cheated him of an immediate victory. Today we like to imagine what President Hoover would do if he went before the next congress and demanded a drastic reduction in armaments and the undertaking of vast waterways developments, and then be flatly turned down by congress. Would he break with his party and form a new one that pledged itself to the realization of these ends? Would he go directly before the people telling them how these politicians had betrayed them? We wonder! Must the leaders forever play politics? Are the fortunes of men, women and children to be forever in the hands of those who would rather kill the patient than the disease? If this present situation means anything at all, it means the bankruptcy of our leadership. Men are afraid to do the very thing that ought to be done. What we lack is not information and classified data, but moral courage to make whatever drastic changes are imperative. Let us beware, for there cometh a day of reckoning when some one with less insight but more physical courage will arise and do with violence what we feared to do with peaceful and orderly methods.

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Civilization is something vastly more than the cooperative conquest of nature by man. At bottom it rests upon a conception of the worth of human personality. If men found their civilization upon the conception that only some personalities are worthful, then we have autocracy, it may be political or economic. If on the other hand they base their civilization upon the conception that every personality has worth in and of itself then we have democracy. Now then this is precisely these two conceptions that are at war one with another today. The founders of our American civilization contended that man was an end in himself, and that the state was but a means to the enrichment of man the end. But since that far away day the other conception of man as a means to an end has gained considerable hold upon the common mind. Today the end for which man the means is being subjugated is both the state and the economic order. Perhaps no incident has illustrated this quite so clearly as the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of Dr. Macintosh in denying him citizenship because he refused to allow the state to use him as a means to a sinister end. What the Court has done is to make articulate the conception which underlies our entire social structure. It will be remembered that the Supreme Court contended that the individual has no ultimate rights that the state cannot invade; that his life, conscience and soul are to be sacrificed to the ultimate end which is the state. Is it any wonder then that our whole social organization today arrogates unto itself to use men first and last as a means to produce profits, giving them only incidently a wage as a kind of by-product? Can we expect any permanent change in the economic structure of a society so long as it lives and moves and has its being founded upon the sacredness of business instead of the sacredness of human personality? Ideas may be moonshine and mist to certain realists, but somehow they have a way of getting themselves worked out into the practical relationships of everyday life.

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In its recent 80th anniversary edition, the New York *Times* publishes predictions of leading scientists, industrialists and educators, on what may be expected during the next 80 years. What strikes us as truly pathetic in this summary of contemporary wisdom is that most of these men could have been talking about sheep or horses or pigs who liked to be well fed and comfortable instead of human beings who had an interest in life beyond an abundance of food and physical comfort. Nearly every one mentions that the efficiency of machines will increase production, multiply and speed transportation, reduce toil, multiply food, increase leisure and multiply man's control of physical forces. What one misses altogether is a distinctive social and spiritual note. None says men will be happier because they are more unselfish, more just, more humane, more otherly minded. None predicts that the cultural arts will make men freer from fear, superstition, prejudice, hate, envy and lust. Why the absence of all this? Has man become all stomach, all pleasurable sensations, and therefore all animal? Is life to become increasingly more material and less spiritual? Will poetry be nothing more than odes to automatic

soup kettles, while opera is dedicated to the 100-mile-an-hour automobile, and art a portrayal of synthetic food jars? Will the only thing worth fighting for be the body beautiful, the kissable complexion? If that is the final end of our boasted mechanized scientific civilization then indeed have we gained the whole world of physical comfort, and with its gain lost the soul without which the most efficient world is not worth while.

W. Waldemar W. Argow.

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## Belle Case La Follette

Is it a faculty or a dimension—the spirit of interrelationship, or, as we say, the social spirit?

Shall we say: Seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, smelling, and the social spirit?

Or shall we say: Length, breadth, thickness and the social spirit?

What is the accurate classification? Are some human beings endowed with this genius of awareness of the needs and rights of others? Or do some literally enter upon another level of awareness, whereon others are really of an importance equal to oneself and one's immediate group?

The Golden Rule is the simplest expression of this great awareness. Law, justice and equity are, theoretically, its instruments for forcing such awareness upon us and for compelling us to act with reference to others. Breeding is a refinement in the art of consideration for others. But above all these, there stands another process, another energy, another faculty, another dimension—the social consciousness. Or, as the ancient writings on ethics call it, the power of love.

It was this basis of human attitude, of human conduct which motivated Belle Case La Follette's life.

It was said of her, in most of the editorials which followed her passing August 18, 1931, that she was a clever politician and adviser of her brilliant and forceful husband, the late Governor and United States Senator Robert M. La Follette, and of her sons, United States Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr., and Governor Philip La Follette; and this is true. She saw in political action an instrument for bringing to pass social measures. To her social measures meant every program which bettered the general condition of human beings. If such programs adversely affected special property interests, she was sorry, but such interests were secondary. To change the bitter conditions under which the majority of the human race support life was her chief preoccupation. This is true of Jane Addams, Lillian Wald, Mary MacDowell, Harriet Vittum, Julia Lathrop, Mary Simkovitch, the Abbots, and a score of women of the social passion. Of these Belle Case La Follette alone used politics as her direct field.

Now this social passion one either has or one has not. As endowment or as development, it is as unique as a love of music or of travel. But when once one listens to its voice, one follows. To others, who may not have listened, the course of action of the socially-minded is bewildering. To wish to interfere with sacred private interests seems the violation of an old code; and it *is* a violation of the code of personal and private interests. At once such action is often interpreted as obedience to the old code in another way—this is, of indirect action for some selfish interest. Especially is this true in the field of politics, where selfish interests so often rule.

But re-assessed, in the light of time, other values emerge. Already this is true for measures which Belle Case La Follette sponsored. When as the Wisconsin governor's wife, she stood for votes for women and against women's absurd clothes of the '90's, there were those who called her queer and notoriety seeking. When in 1914 she stood for internationalism at any price, there were those who called her insensitive to national interests. When in campaign speeches she warned of the future of the farmer, of credit, of labor, of business, they said that she was an alarmist. When she wrote against tariff "revision" they said that she would come to see that she was wrong. When she spoke for the rights of children, they said that she did not understand certain special conditions.

The complete evaluation of all that she stood for is still in the future, but one appraisal is secure: In every measure which she sponsored, she made the touchstone human welfare as she saw it. She had emerged wholly from the era of individualism. She was socially-minded. She had developed the faculty, or, if you prefer, she had entered the dimension of social consciousness.

When, in the future, the period of the primitive in social relations is past, when the time comes that George Washington foresaw when "every man shall be striving who best can serve his neighbor," they of that day will look back on the pioneers who first saw and tried to practice those principles. And Belle Case La Follette will stand as one who, ambitious for her husband and sons, was ambitious first of all that their ideals of social justice, which were also her ideals, should prevail. I think that no one can point to a single attitude of hers which the social consciousness, that which Jenkin Lloyd Jones called awareness of The Human Being, did not control.

Zona Gale.

**Mrs. Belle Case La Follette**

The eulogist hath spoken; spoken well
And wisely. None too much he said.
For worth and excellence gave him much to tell.
Yet hath he left profoundest word unsaid:

This woman was prepared for greater life.

In character upright, in purpose great,
Worthy as daughter, mother, sister, wife;
As one who sought the advancement of the State
By giving woman duty, miscalled right,
Duty by vote to aid the war on war;
On craft, and guile, and hidden wrong throw light;
Prevent the hurt that leaves the life-long scar,—
Must it needs be, after these few years' breath,
That she go down to everlasting death?

Unwilling wouldst thou be to answer "Yes,"
Yet speak it boldly, if thou hold it true.
It is no more than thy reluctant guess.

What may not come to pass in that vast view
Eternity affords? Can not that Power
Continue still the life it hath brought forth
And crowned with honor, dignity and worth?
No man denies. Then speak, in sorrow's hour,
The word of braver hope:

This honored life
Itself is evidence of the Larger Life,
That Parent of the lesser lives of men,
"Creator," written by his own great pen
On mountain, ocean, sky and distant star,
On manhood's form, on all that's near or far;
Whose might the dramas of all tongues rehearse;
Who, as his garment, wears the universe.

Believe this heroine, in continued life,
One phase of duty done in guiding strife
Against the wrong, is now as she hath been
Steadfast in faith that Right shall surely win;
Associate still with the Eternal Thought
And Love Divine; in action free and bold,
Living, alert, high duty unforgot,
United with the seers and saints of old.

JOHN N. DAVIDSON.

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# Items from a Traveler's Note Book

## VI. A Nation Slipping Into the Abyss

I have this last week passed through the most thrilling and in some ways the most terrible days of my life. These days were the most awful that Europe has known since the fearful days preceding the outbreak of the Great War. For a week Germany not only stood on the very edge of catastrophe but had already begun to slide into the abyss of ruin; day and night millions of people stared into the face of sudden and complete disaster. To look upon this spectacle of agony from the outside, as a mere observer, was itself an agony. To describe what actually was taking place, to understand and interpret the causes and factors involved in what still remains the most confused and menacing situation that the world has confronted since Versailles, is of course impossible in so casual and hurriedly written an article as this. I can only tell what I saw and felt as a whole nation seemed about to collapse before my face and eyes. And thus, in the fresh fever of my excitement, I now attempt to do.

I.

I entered Germany when the country was relieved and elated by the Hoover moratorium proposal. No one who was not here upon the ground can imagine what it means to see this hand of help suddenly extended across the seas from America. France, to be sure, was blocking the full grasp of this hand upon the problem. Mellon and Edge were wrestling day after day with the Frenchmen statesmen in Paris, and apparently getting nowhere. But to Germany, who actually knew the gravity of the financial situation, it seemed incredible that France could be so stupid, or so wicked, as to sabotage a program so necessary to the saving not merely of Germany but of all Europe. They refused to be discouraged by delay. And their faith, or common sense, seemed to be justified by the fact that the Paris parley came at last to an agreement, and nothing remained to do but work out the practical aspects of the Hoover plan.

But I heard disquieting things as I went along from city to city. The immediate crisis was over—everybody seemed to agree to that! My most pessimistic adviser forecasted no trouble at least until the meeting of the Reichstag in October. Most of those with whom I consulted put off further trouble until the spring or summer of 1932. But all agreed that this further trouble was on the way. Nobody believed that the Hoover action had accomplished any permanent results. It simply postponed until tomorrow what had been threatening for today. In other words, it was like the Dawes Plan and the Young Plan—a mere temporary expedient which was no cure for ills deep-rooted in the economic and political organism conceived in the War and brought forth at Versailles. The immediate storm had cleared—but dark upon the horizon of the future lurked the tempest which was yet to engulf the world. "Don't be fooled," was the word spoken to me again and yet again. "The German situation is not as acute but remains as terrible as ever."

It was hard, however, to be gloomy on these sunny days and in this lovely country. It was especially hard to believe that a people who had suffered so much and recovered so far could ever be overcome by ruin. So as I journeyed down the Rhine valley and moved through the passes of the Black Forest, as I touched the romance of Heidelberg and felt the vigor of Stuttgart, as I heard the singing of the German youth, and went to opera-house and theatre, and watched the workers busy on the farms or in the shops, I felt happiness within my heart. The War was over, the world was beautiful, the nations were moving into peace.

II.

I arrived in Munich on the evening of Sunday, the 12th of July. The next morning I arose early, and sought the streets of this historic city which I had never seen. I went first to my bank, to pick up letters. Then I wandered to the Rathaus, to see the famous Glocken-

spiel. Everything seemed natural—the streets were lively, the shops busy, the parks and buildings among the most beautiful that I had ever seen. I was entranced, as everybody is entranced in Munich, and looked forward to four or five of the happiest days in my journey.

But the Glockenspiel did not work until one o'clock! I turned away, and had hardly walked half a block when I saw across the street a small crowd blocking the sidewalk. This is unusual in Germany, so I went to see what was the matter, and found myself in front of the closed gates of the Darmstadler Bank. Why I did not instantly recognize the significance of this event, I cannot now imagine. I knew what had been the critical situation in Europe; I had begun to realize how the French haggling had damaged the Hoover proposal; I understood the importance of this particular bank now suddenly *"geschlossen."* But there were only about thirty people before the iron portals, a single policeman was keeping the sidewalk clear, everywhere about me were busy streets and busy people—there was no hysteria, no fear, not even any excitement so far as I could see. This was a "crash," and a big one—but that was all! So I went on my way, visited churches and public buildings, spent an absorbed afternoon in the Deutsches Museum, and in the evening ate a quiet dinner on the open balcony of my hotel, went to the theatre, and wrote my wife how lucky I was that it was somebody else's bank, and not mine, which was closed.

The next morning, Tuesday, I went to my bank for letters and some cash. As I drew near I was astonished to see a little knot of people before a closed portal on which had been posted a notice to the effect that this bank and all other banks in Germany had been closed for Tuesday and Wednesday "by order of the government." I was startled! Was this because it was now *my* bank which was affected? Was it because I had no currency to pay my hotel-bill? Or was it because I realized that the closing of every bank in the Republic for two days meant something serious? I looked around, but nobody seemed disturbed. As I think back, I can seem to feel that, if I had not gone to my bank that morning, I might have wandered all over Munich that day without realizing that Germany's slide into the abyss had actually begun.

But those closed doors and my empty purse and my partial knowledge of Germany's plight now shocked me wide awake. I rushed for a newspaper, and read words that took my breath away. I went to the main avenue of the city, and watched the people. I sought out the headquarters of the Hitlerites, and found it under police surveillance with nobody willing to talk. Meanwhile my mind raced with the question, What to do! By eleven o'clock I had decided to go to Berlin. If things were going to happen in Germany, that was where I wanted to be. By eleven-thirty I was in my hotel throwing clothes and toilet articles into my bags. By eleven-forty I was paying my bill with American Express checks, which were still good; by eleven-fifty I was buying my ticket for Berlin; and just at noon I was in the fast express for the capital as it started on its nine-hour journey northward through Nurnberg and Halle. By half-past nine that night, I was in my hotel after a taxi ride through streets that were empty and as silent as the grave.

The next day will remain in my mind forever as one of the memorable experiences of my life. This was the second day of the closed banks—people realized now to the full what was impending. Over all the city there was a hush. Not a trace of excitement, not a crowd nor a cry! Just a stillness that was uncanny since it does not belong to a great city in the bright hours of the morning! There were few persons on the streets—none in the shops and stores. Clerks stood idly behind their counters, or lolled in the doorways. Newsboys had their papers, but stood silent before the passersby. I visited the banks, but there were no crowds any more, and no police. At noontime I went into the cafés, the tables were empty, a few people sat quietly staring into space, or reading newspapers with absorbed attention. At five o'clock in the afternoon, I visited a movie-theatre and counted less than fifty people at the end of the first reel.

But there was one scene of excitement—the newspapers! I sat for an hour in the office of one of our great American news agencies, and witnessed a spectacle as thrilling as any drama. The correspondent was disheveled, unshaven, worn, and utterly quiet in the intensity of his occupation. Telephones rang incessantly, cables came in and were sent out, messengers dashed to desks with notes demanding instant attention. It was like the headquarters of an army-officer in the midst of a decisive battle. And this *was* a battle which was going on—a battle to save Germany from complete collapse, Europe from sudden ruin, the millions of people of a dozen nations from disaster and perhaps death. The battle was being fought in the foreign offices of Berlin and Paris and London—this newspaper correspondent, tense, absorbed, sleepless, was following and reporting every sudden turn in the contest—those silent people out there on the streets and in the restaurants were waiting, like helpless prisoners, for their fate.

"What's going to happen?" I asked.

"Anything," said the correspondent.

"I don't see how they dare to open the banks tomorrow," I suggested.

"They don't," answered the correspondent. "But they don't dare *not* to open them. There may nothing happen tomorrow, but on the other hand there may be terrible scenes."

"What's the end of it all?"

"God only knows—ruin, revolution, war—anything!"

IV

It is doubtful if anybody who was not in Germany those days can imagine, much less know, the stress and strain, the silence and horror of the days. People have told me that they have known nothing like it since 1914—the waiting, hour after hour, for what was going to happen! Yet nothing happened—not *then!* When the banks opened the next day, Thursday, it was under conditions established by governmental decrees which made "runs" impossible. Savings-bank deposits could not be touched, employers could draw only enough money from their regular accounts to pay their employees, others could draw only for good reason stated and proved. The few crowds which gathered before the doors of the banks here and there were easily dispersed—there was no excitement, little protest, quiet acquiescence. By noon-tide the im-

mediate crisis was passed. People were going about their business. News from abroad was a little better. The tension slowly relaxed, the hush lifted, and the city was normal once again. Newspaper men dared to leave their telephones for a wink of sleep or a bite of food, or even a talk with a foreign visitor. Ruin had been miraculously averted for a day, a week, and one could breathe again.

The more I think of it, the more I am persuaded that the behavior of the German people at this hour was one of the most momentous as well as amazing events of our time. Consider the situation, if it is possible for Americans to consider such a situation! Capital was flying from the country, frightened and demoralized. Every effort of the government had failed to stop the flow, or to refill the reservoirs with loans. One of the great banks of the nation had suddenly collapsed. All banks in Germany were closed, lest they collapse as well. There was no assurance that these banks would reopen, or, if they did, that they would survive. The people faced two nightmares —the loss of all their capital and savings, or the return of an inflation period which meant equal if slower ruin. Beyond this prospect of economic disaster loomed the menace of political chaos—the fall of the government, the advent of Hitlerism, the uprising of the Communists, civil war, French invasion, European cataclysm. These things were not mere extravagant possibilities, least of all wild speculations. On the contrary, they were sound prophecies, imminent probabilities. Germany was no longer standing on the edge of the abyss—she had gone over the edge and was now slipping swiftly into the gulf. Every human being in the Reich was involved—the bankers and great industrialists, the middle-class wage-earners and the millions of laborers, the vast numbers of the unemployed subsisting precariously upon state insurance, the pensioners, the servants, even the soldiers, and police. Yet the people remained calm. Agitation proved utterly abortive, and disappeared. Patiently, determinedly, the German masses resolved to support their government, obey its decrees, see it through whatever the cost. And it was this support, this utter absence of panic and revolt, which saved the day.

To the American, who has visions of wild mobs in the streets in such a situation, in New York, let us say, this spectacle of stability and self-control is perfectly amazing. What is the explanation!

First, the Bruening government was wise and strong. Backed by the granite-like figure of President Hindenburg, it stood like a rock against the waves whipped up by the tempest of disaster. It made some mistakes, as when it proposed an emergency issue of Reichmarks, which immediately raised the spectre of inflation. But on the whole its policies were wise, decisive, strong. Under the dictatorial powers granted by the Weimar Constitution it took and held control of the situation. Nothing was left to chance. There was no suggestion of the English plan, "wait and see." The government acted, and acted with immense force after mature deliberation. The people, like the sailors on a ship, felt the sense of direction and authority, and responded with infinite relief.

Secondly, the Germans remain, what they have always been, a highly disciplined people. They have long since learned not so much to be controlled as to control themselves. Their homes, their streets, their parks, their public business, are all well-ordered. In emergencies, as in the steady routine of the day, these people know what to do. One of the most able and experienced newspapermen in Berlin relies upon this fact to carry Germany through even the worst outcome of the present predicament. "This nation will not crack," he said to me. "These people will not go to pieces." So he insists upon being optimistic about the future. Whether this man is right or wrong about tomorrow, there can be no question about today. The German people held, like a dike against the flood, when to give way would have engulfed all Europe, even the world itself, in indescribable disaster. And it was discipline—the discipline of an intelligent and self-reliant population—which achieved the miracle.

Lastly, there is the pathetic fact that to the Germans this latest disaster was nothing particularly new or strange. Think of what this people has been through in the last seventeen years, a half generation! War, defeat, starvation, revolution, inflation, ruin, slavery! There is no gall and wormwood the Germans have not tasted, no humiliation they have not faced, no misery they have not endured. Guilty or innocent, or both, they have run the gamut of human suffering, and there is nothing left to take them by surprise.

"I cannot understand this calm, this quiet," I said to a German woman on the evening of the second day. "I seem to be the only excited man in Berlin."

There was a quiet voice, a pathetic smile, and then the words, "Don't you suppose we Germans are accustomed to these things!"

V

As I write, the premiers are meeting in London. The immediate crisis is passing. Some settlement will be made to enable Germany, and Europe, to keep on living as a civilization. But what about the future—this fall, next winter, next summer?

This is another story, too serious to be treated in these casual notes of the day. But let nobody be deceived! Nothing that is done in London is going to save this situation. The causes of Germany's plight run too deep, they go back too far, they are involved too closely with the dominant policies of selfish and stupid nations, to be removed by any loans, or long-term credits, or even new "plans" of the Dawes and Young variety. The future of Germany, and therefore of Europe, remains as dark today as ever, since there seems no vision clear enough to see the drastic things which must be done, and no will strong enough to do these things even if they were seen. This latest crisis is passing only to make way for another and more ghastly crisis. The slide into the abyss has been stayed for a moment, but it will in time be resumed. If one believes in impersonal forces as the dominant factors in society, then one must say that there are forces of destruction loose in Europe today which no man seems able to control. If one believes in personality as the dominant factor, then one must say that there seems to be no statesmanship competent to lead Europe out of ruin. Perhaps these statements are only two ways of saying the same thing. If so, it is because at bottom is the single fact of the dissolution of a civilization.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

*Berlin, Germany*

# California and Criminal Syndicalism

There came to my hand very recently a letter from a man who was long active in the Christian ministry, and who is still an active church attendant and champion of the faith he formerly preached, though now past seventy years of age. He cited the fact that he had listened lately on more than one occasion to the radicals who hold their meetings on Boston Common, and complained that although they said much with which he could sympathize their attitude toward the churches, and particularly their free use of profanity, was very offensive to him.

The letter reminded me vividly of a story which I heard while I was myself on a visit to New England. It concerned a certain high class hotel in the vicinity of Portland, Maine. One of the frequent guests at this hotel was a woman of wealth, who was also very religious, and rather rancid in temper. She came down to the office one morning in a towering rage, and made vigorous protest to the proprietor who had greeted her there.

"Why!" she exclaimed indignantly, "there was a man swearing so right under my window this morning that I couldn't say my prayers."

The proprietor, knowing her well, smiled amiably and replied: "Yes, madame! I know who it was. That was my manager. He swears just as easily as you say your prayers, and he doesn't mean any more by it."

When I tell this story to a church audience they both wince and smile. The pertinence of it is too obvious to be denied, but they feel a certain impertinence in having the rude reality thrust upon them.

The pertinence of this story to the California situation with respect to the operations of the Criminal Syndicalism laws may not be as obvious to the outsider as it is to those who have sought to awaken some interest among church people, and respectable people generally, in a review and repeal of these vicious enactments. It cannot be denied that radicals of various kinds who manage to get by with an occasional meeting of protest in California sometimes use language more vigorous than pious. When one of their leaders who had just come out of San Quentin was told recently that a worker for Tom Mooney's freedom had sent out a letter to the ministers of Los Angeles, on the fifteenth anniversary of Mooney's imprisonment, asking them to offer public prayer for the release of Mooney, this man burst forth in a public meeting: "To hell with the churches; we want none of their help." And the way in which that audience said Amen with their hands, and other very audible manifestations, was something to remember, whether approved or not.

Back of this outburst was the feeling the Maine hotel proprietor had frankly, if half facetiously set forth. *Not all the attacks of all the professional rationalists who have ever held a public platform in California have had a tithe of the influence in discrediting organized religion as has the cowardice of the churches with respect to radical persecution under cover of this law, and the connivance of prominent religionists in the over-riding of legal rights and moral decencies through its ministry of prostitution in the courts.* When the official spokesman of the Better America Federation died the other day he was buried with a demonstration of patriotic fervor in which the military and the ministry, the Church and the American Legion were in conspicuous alliance, and he was recognized as a distinguished member of one of the chief churches of the city, with more than one prominent preacher associated with him. But up to this time no church has dared to stand forth and call in question the official lawlessness and respectable violence carried on here in California during the twelve years the law against Criminal Syndicalism has been on the statute books, or if any church has spoken it has been inaudible to the victims of these persecutions.

Now that the movement to refer the law to a vote of the people of California is actually under way through the circulation of initiative petitions which will put the issue upon the ballot there will be unquestionable opportunity to test the moral seriousness of the pious and the respectable in California, who have stood aloof with rare exceptions while the orgy of legalized violence has been pursued by the patrioteers and the courts. Those who have initiated this movement, and are carrying on the campaign to get the necessary one hundred and twelve thousand signatures upon these petitions, with a sufficient margin to cover cancelled signatures, are not asking the churches to pray for them. They are asking only that some interest shall be shown by the numerically formidable church community here in this effort on behalf of public decency in California.

The law against what is mis-named as "criminal" syndicalism in California has been so vaguely worded and so unscrupulously handled by the authorities as to render easy the violent suppression of any and every labor movement which carries any menace to labor exploitation here. An entirely orderly strike can be so construed as to fall within the heavily penalized inhibitions of this law. More than a hundred innocent men have been railroaded to the California penitentiaries for long terms of years without the slightest evidence in any instance of an overt act, or any personal advocacy of violence. Witnesses of the vilest character have been used to this end, with a shamelessness which ought to have utterly scandalized any decent community. Never a church has even so much as offered to make investigation of these outrages, and to give independent testimony concerning them. At an hour when social protest at the point of unemployment and mass starvation is deliberately misrepresented by the devotees and satellites of things as they are under the false cry of "sovietism" and "sedition" in order that this law may be employed on a wider scale for the suppression of the workers, it remains to be seen whether the religious forces in California will stand aside, or join the forces of repression rather than to work for the repeal of the evil enactment. All that is asked is that the people of California may be given a chance to vote to sustain or repeal this suppressive statute. But it will require more courage and understanding than the Christian community in California has yet shown if church people count for anything affirmative in the effort to put over this referendum. There is an immediate opportunity at this point which they can ill afford to despise.

ROBERT WHITAKER

# The Psychologist Looks At the Preacher

*"Suffering is an essential part of the giving of life in ministry. . . . Isn't this exactly what our Master did?"*—Dr. J. E. Clarke, Editor of *The Presbyterian Advance,* in his letter rejecting this article for publication.

In a certain number of *The Presbyterian Advance* (January 30, 1930), Reverend E. J. Hough enumerates several causes for rather constant terror on the part of Protestant ministers. These causes are:

(1) The domination of ministers by laymen untrained in the things of the spirit;
(2) the lack of prophetic freedom of speech—especially with regard to current topics; and
(3) the difficulty of preparing several sermons a week which will equal the occasional addresses of leading public men and to the weekly sermons of the most gifted ministers. The former speak only in the fields of their specialties and before inspiring audiences. The latter do not require their hearers to leave their comfortable homes nor to contribute to any collections, which the ordinary preacher must do, but come to their hearers over the radio. The gifted preachers, also, I may add, are supplied with all the latest books, have secretaries to file all important clippings and typewrite letters, daily meet business and professional leaders, and are freed from all petty interferences during long hours of study.

These conditions are indeed real impediments, in varying degrees, in the way to success in the case of a great number of ministers—despite native ability and distinguished personal and educational attainments, and therefore the cause of terror on their part in proportion to their devotion to the cause of Christ. But although the causes for terror among ministers to which Mr. Hough refers are real and contribute largely to their spiritual distress, I do not believe that they are its primary cause. The primary cause, I believe, Professor Hocking of Harvard University has suggested in the following analysis of ministerial psychology in his "Human Nature in Its Remaking" (p. 403-4):—

> It must be said that the growing concreteness in the form of missionary effort among Protestants is . . . due in part to a sort of embarrassment . . . we may recognize an element of diffidence in assuming the rôle of the propagator of religion, as if that rôle were somehow presumptuous. . . . What is this but an attempt to displace a will defined by us as evil by a good will likewise of our own definition? But can we be certain either that that evil is really evil, or that which seems good to us is absolutely good? . . . We might as well assume the right to forgive sins.

In other words, the Protestant minister is terror-stricken because he no longer is constantly supported by a belief that his message is supernaturally given and is supernaturally effective in producing the result intended by God from all eternity. Increasingly today the emphasis, in the minds of the clergy, is placed upon the work of the individual in the formulation and empowering of his message.

Practically, the modern minister speaks his own message,—although he must appear to speak in the name of God. This message is not, as formerly, upon a single theme, essentially simple in conception, known and loved from earliest years, but upon a multitude of subjects of which he has not intimate knowledge, and he must speak with decreasing time for preparation and under conditions of competition impossible to meet. This condition of affairs is the essential cause of nervous breakdowns among ministers.

Even when a minister prays *to* God in public he knows that he is setting up an image *of* God in the minds of his hearers. As long as the language of prayer was traditional, Biblical, ecclesiastical, the minister felt no crushing responsibility for his words; but now, if he is sensitive to moral values, he does. And so it goes with regard to all the other parts of the service of worship and with regard to all the problems of personal and communal living. Finally, the minister asks himself: What right have I to declare God to man? He may even note the constant contradictions implied in all his preaching and realize that he must be doing as much harm as good,—as I have shown actually to be the case in "Christianity in Its Conflict with Freudianism," *Open Court,* July, 1929.

A secondary cause of spiritual conflict in the minds of ministers generally, though primary in some cases, is the conflict between the ideals which they must preach and the self-interests which dominate their practical conduct. At most, ministers give alms here and there, thus patching up the present competitive system and permitting it to grind out its major iniquities. With varying degrees of awareness, ministers are conscious of this fact, erect vast systems of self-defense when charged with it, but secretly despise themselves daily.

What is the way out of the predicament in which the Protestant minister finds himself? Without entering into a discussion of the nature of God's will, I believe that everyone will agree that it is not God's desire that those who separate themselves unto his special ministry should live in daily terror on that account. Rather he would give to his beloved peace. But what are the human conditions of that peace?

I

A minister may decide to emphasize in his mind the deterministic aspect of theology. He may let slip from his shoulders upon God's the weight of the redemption of the world. Although at times he may put forth intense effort, yet when the strain of effort becomes too intense, he may fall back upon the idea of the supernatural nature of his message for rest and re-creation. He may close his mind very completely to all arguments which eat away the foundations of his faith in the supernatural nature of his message. Although as keen as a rapier in exposing the contradictions in the theologies or agnosticisms of all other people and strictly logical in the formal presentation of his own system of belief, he may yet be always ready to conceal the contradictions in his own theology in an acknowledged mystery or in a doctrine which bears the contradictions safely within itself, where they are not obtrusive and so not disturbing to his peace of mind.

II

Or a minister may decide to close his mind to *no* facts and so decide that no one at present knows enough to preach sermons to the people or is able in a competitive society to lead a moral life. He may decide that he should lead a communal life,—as the Columbia Conserve Company, where each is paid according to his need, and Commonwealth College, where no one is paid any salary, have proved is possible. Such living,

if properly organized, leaves much time for study and original thinking. A minister may decide to devote his leisure hours to work as a member of an association of like-minded ministers, perhaps to be called, The American Association for Religious Research, the purpose of which would be to enable its members effectively to:—

(1) Investigate all conditions of social and individual maladjustment in their several communities and adequately report these conditions to a central office and from it to secure specific advice from specialists how to improve the conditions;
(2) conduct groups for character analysis such as the Lefwin Foundation of New York conducts;
(3) advise young men who are considering entering the ministry of the perils which they approach;
(4) disseminate the truth about important subjects, for instance, the origins of the World War, when it is not popular to do so;
(5) take part in a great coöperative attempt to discover the nature of the universe as a whole and the proper relation of the individual to it;
(6) lecture and write in the journal of the association upon the latest conclusions of scientists and philosophers.

One need not feel that to devote himself to social improvement and profound philosophical researches is beyond the ability of the average minister when one remembers what monumental work of this sort those of average endowment and training, if essentially free of spiritual conflicts and if possessed of sufficient leisure, have accomplished in the past. And I cannot think of a more considerate act for the younger and more adaptable ministers to do than to resign their pastorates so that even when television has brought the sight as well as the sound of the great city churches into the homes of all the people, and when denominations have united in order to make unnecessary the maintenance of more than a single church in a town, there will still be sufficient churches for the more elderly ministers who would find any work but preaching very difficult. To the ministers willing to practice their ideals in communal living and to join the suggested association, peace would come. Perhaps some day their present travail would be as though it had not been, as the result of the beneficent influence of a consistent, yet uncontentious, humble, experimental attitude to life.

Perhaps some ministers may feel that they have hit upon other adequate solutions for the problem of their ministry, which is also the central problem of their lives, than the two which I have suggested above. But, I am convinced, a careful analysis of all other solutions would reveal that they are essentially one or the other of those suggested in this paper. Either one must conceive himself to be a prophet of the Most High God or else he must be a scientist. Either he must be able to see his message as supernaturally given once for all ages or else as the result of human observation, some matters essentially certain, others problematical, all progressively approaching truth. One can blind himself to all the confusion in his thought or he can cease speaking ex cathedra, live his ideals and join an association of those willing to learn. To put into the mouth of the Eternal what one in moments of candor recognizes as involving "problems," that is, contradictions, because the product of human observation and inconsistent living, is of course, in the case of the more sensitive, to cause the spiritual distress of a paranoid condition.

George Yeisley Rusk.
*Commonwealth College,*
*Mena, Arkansas.*

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# Trumpets on New Horizons

### The Price the Poor Have Paid

Think of the laborer walking the street
Asking for work that his children may eat!

Think of the workers' fireside glow,
Whitening embers crumbling low.

Think of the man with the pick and the hoe. . .
Nothing to eat! . . . Nowhere to go!

Think of the price the poor have paid,
Forced to suffer for greed and trade.

Think of the fires that are banked in each breast,
Fanned into flame by very unrest!

Think that Spirit is only a name?
Tyrannize freemen, it bursts into flame!

Rose Andrews.

### Americanism

The airplane roars above the steeple:
Its cost would feed a lot of people.

Bessie Simpson.

### Choosers

Steeples point upward; men look down.
Steeples want clouds and men a crown.

Steeples choose wisely of the things
Numbered among life's offerings.

And men, though they might choose the same,
Seek for the radiance of a name
And housing built of brick and stone—
Not things—like stars—that are truth alone.

Steeples look up to see a star;
Men but look where possessions are.

Kathryn Wright.

### Back to the Light

Children in our factories,
Thin-lipped and pale,
What will become of you
If we should fail?

Feet made for frolic,
Lips made for song,
Must it be drudgery
All the day long?

Give us the grace, O God,
Give us the might,
To bring these little ones
Back to the light!

Georgiana Bole King.

### A Workman's Prayer

God, let me ever lift my eyes to steeples—and to clouds
That I may then look down again to love the workmen-crowds.

Kathryn Wright.

# The Study Table

## "The Road Back"*

When Mr. Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front" was published, it was hailed as a great book, giving the story of the World War, as experienced by a German soldier. The book was so universal in its appeal that even the French nationalist paper, *"L'Action Francaise,"* spoke of it "as a book which surpasses all other war books in its cruel truth"; and "Monde" thought that the book contained such lessons that "it should be distributed by the million and read in every school." A careful reader will find that Mr. Remarque's new book "The Road Back" is far superior to his first work which attracted world attention.

"The Road Back" is not a mere description of varied experience of several German soldiers who, after the World War, tried "to find a road back" to normal life; but it is a great human document good for any and all countries. It is descriptive sociology and psychology. It is a powerful indictment of our present day social order; yet it is written without malice, and hatred. It is a vivid picture of misery—material as well as spiritual—of men after the World War. (This misery has not disappeared). The author, without dogmatism, but with philosophic calm, presents a program for bringing about a better social order which can be accepted by all.

As a piece of literature, it is of priceless value, because it reveals the author's wonderful ability to give gripping word-pictures of the most delicate type of human experiences of heroism, passion and idealism, as well as communion with nature. Mr. Remarque by this work, has enriched world literature. It should be recorded that Mr. Wheen who has translated the book into English from German is also a man of rare ability. If Mr. Remarque may be compared to a great singer, Mr. Wheen is a very great and accomplished accompanist. The book should be read by all to realize its full value and no review can give an adequate idea of its greatness.

"The Road Back" opens with the picture of the last engagement of the World War, in which a group of German soldiers participated; and in which a farmer, who survived four years of war and who was hoping to go home to meet his wife was killed, just before the fighting ceased. Before leaving the field the thought of the departed comrades overcame the surviving ones. They left the field like haunted beasts. The author writes:

> Hitherto we have just all remained there together, they in the graves, we in the trenches, divided only by a few handfuls of earth. Daily we became less they more, and often we have not known whether we already belonged to them or not. . . . But we halt yet a few times and look about us. And again we stand still, and suddenly we know that all that yonder, that hell of terrors, that desolate corner of the shell-hole land, has usurped our hearts;—yes, damn it, that it should sound such slush—it seems almost as if it had become endeared to us, a dreadful homeland, full of torment, and we simply belonged in it. . . . There is a grief in our bones, enough to make us howl aloud. And so we march out. (pp. 20-21.)

On their way home, they met a company of American soldiers. It was a very touching scene, but not without humor. One of the American soldiers greeted the Germans with "Hello Kamerad" and put his hand on a German's shoulder and addressed *"Deutsche—gute soldat—brave soldat."* At first the Germans were scared. But the Americans gave them some real cigarettes and something to eat. This heartened them; and one of the Germans sold a large number of iron crosses which he stole in the front to the Americans for canned food. This scene makes one believe that there was very little vindictiveness or hatred among the common soldiers of various nations who were, under peculiar circumstances, forced to kill one another. It is the "pen-pushing Napoleons" and arm-chair patriots who spread the venom of hate among nations. Sometime they glorify war for their personal gain.

Further, during their homeward march, they heard of the flight of the Kaiser to Holland, and also of the revolution in Germany. Some officers tore off their shoulder-straps and played the role of common soldiers while others, officers commanding regiments, committed suicide. These soldiers, the patriots fighting for the Fatherland, passing through the villages began to realize that they were under a delusion. They began to get a glimpse of the reality.

> Listlessly we trudge onward. We had pictured our entry into our own country after the long years out there rather differently from this. We imagined that people would be waiting for us, expecting us; now we see that already every one is taken up with his own affairs. Life has moved on, is still moving on; it is leaving us behind almost as if we were superfluous already. . . . (pp. 40-41.)

After all, they reached their official destination and they were to disband. It was a touching scene. It told the story of the terrible human slaughter; and this was indicative of what happened in all the regiments.

> For the last time we stand drawn up in the barracks square. . . . The wide empty square about us makes woeful memories. There, rank on rank, invisible stand the dead. . . . Seven company commanders in two years, and more than five hundred men—thirty-two are now standing in the barracks square. (pp. 47-48.)

War and revolution did not bring any real and far-reaching change in Germany. There was class-hatred, there was racial hatred—a glimpse of an officer hating a common soldier, because he was a Jew. There was the heart-rending and sickening scene of civil-war—the civic guards mowing down the starving strikers and supposed revolutionists by the machine-gun bullets, the heroic efforts on the part of some of the ex-soldiers to stop this barbarous tragedy. In the midst of all these, the author gives us a few jewels of an idealist, a champion of the poor, an ex-soldier, a Jew, who became a victim of the shot fired by his own former officer.

> "Things that sound feeble today, Herr Lieutenant—kindliness and love. These also have their heroisms" (p. 48). "The misery of millions is too big a price to pay for the heroics of a few." "Mere talking will not make the world any different." (p. 49.)

On arriving home, the soldiers found that they could not adjust themselves even in their old home-environments. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, even sweethearts did not have the faintest idea of the changes wrought in them in four years in battlefields and trenches. They were absolutely misunderstood! They found although the "war was over," it was as if the whole society was waging a new and terrible war on them. After the war, or as a direct effect of the war, came an era—of terrible excess—selfishness and abuse of every form—which crushed them. In many cases the comradeship of the battle-front, possibly the most precious thing in their life, disappeared. This became

*"The Road Back," by Erich Maria Remarque. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1931.

apparent in the ex-soldiers' reunion, when the rich and well-to-do soldiers and officers did not feel the comradeship for the poor and those who could not adjust themselves.

Those others here are still our comrades and yet no longer—that is what is so sad. All else went west in the war, but comradeship we did believe in; now only to find that what death could not do, life is achieving, it is driving us asunder. (p. 200.)

While ex-service men, "war-heroes," were facing starvation, their relations were busy in profiteering. Murder, suicide among the ex-soldiers, some of the finest type of young men, became common; because they lost their nerve. They were victims of circumstances; they failed "to find a road back to life." The author gives graphic account of society, in its ignorance and selfishness, dealing cruelly with those who deserved such treatment the least. Through the mouth of Lieutenant Ludwig Beyer, one of the finest characters of the book, the author gives expression of disappointment of many ex-soldiers, regarding the revolution and the terrible awakening.

"Look at the way they are at one another's throats—Social Democrats, Independents, Spartacists, Communists! And in the meantime the other fellows are quietly potting off what few real brains they have among them, and they don't even see it." (p. 212.)

"And why is it, Georg? Why is it? Because we were duped, I tell you, duped as even yet we hardly realize; because we were misused, hideously misused. They told us it was for the Fatherland, and meant the schemes of annexation of a greedy industry.—They told us it was for honor, and meant the quarrels and the will to power of a handful of ambitious diplomats and princes.—They told us it was for the Nation, and meant the need for activity on the part of out-of-work generals! . . . Can't you see? They stuffed out the word Patriotism with all the twaddle of their fine phrases, with their desire for glory, their will to power, their false romanticism, their stupidity, their greed of business, and then paraded it before us as a shining ideal! And we thought they were sounding a bugle summoning us to a new, a more strenuous, a larger life. Can't you see, man? But we were making war against ourselves without knowing it! Every shot that went home, struck one of us! Can't you see? Then listen and I will bawl it into your ears. The youth of the world rose up in every land, believing that it was fighting for freedom! And in every land they were duped and misused; and in every land they were shot down, they have exterminated each other! Don't you see now? There is only one fight, the fight against the lie, the half truth, compromise, against the old order. But we let ourselves be taken in by their phrases; instead of fighting against them, we fought for them. We thought it was for the Future. It was against the Future. Our future is dead; for the youth is dead that carried it. . . . A generation of hope, faith, of will, strength, ability, so hypnotized that they have shot down one another, though over the whole world they all had the same purpose . . . (even here) . . . the war still goes on—but a dirty, low-down war—every man against his fellow. (pp. 213-215.)

One of the ex-soldiers, to make a living, tries many professions and at last becomes a teacher. He finds the terrible waste in the so-called education which often kills personality, vitality and life in the "frank, unspoiled and unsuspecting youth."

Here I stand before you, one of the hundreds of thousands of bankrupt men in whom the war destroyed every belief and almost every strength. Here I stand before you, and see how much more alive, how much more rooted in life you are than I. I stand and must now be your teacher and guide. What should I teach you? Should I tell you that in twenty years you will be dried-up and crippled, maimed in your freest impulses, all pressed mercilessly into the selfsame mould? Should I tell you that all learning, all culture, all science is nothing but hideous mockery, so long as mankind makes war in the name of God and humanity with gas, iron, explosive and fire? What should I teach you then, you little creatures who alone have remained unspotted by the terrible years? . . . Should I explain to you that the books you hold in your hands are but nets with which men design to snare your simple souls, to entangle you in the undergrowth of fine phrases, and in the barbed wire of falsified ideas? I stand here before you, a polluted, a guilty man and can only implore you ever to remain as you are, never to suffer the bright light of your childhood to be misused as a blow flame of hate. . (pp. 252-254.)

The seventh part of the book is simply a masterpiece. Mr. Remarque rose to the very height of his ability to meditate and to be one with nature. It gives an inkling of the philosophy of his life. Ernst (through whom the author speaks), thinking of his dead friend, says:

Ah, Ludwig! We looked for a purpose, and tripped over ourselves; we did not find it— . . . But it is true that we do not yet know what surrender is; we have not felt its strength. We know only power. (p. 311.)

Another comrade says:

I've had a look at most things, Ernst—professions, ideals, politics—but I don't fit into the show. What does it amount to? Everywhere profiteering, suspicion, indifference, utter selfishness. . . . Like spiders they lurk there in their offices, their shops, their professions, each one of them ready to suck the other man dry. And then the rest hanging over each one of them—families, societies, authorities, laws, the State! One spider's web over another! True, one may call that life, if one likes, and a man may pride himself on crawling about under it his forty years and more; but I learned at the Front that time is not the measure of life. . . . (p. 314.)

Mr. Remarque is by no means a pessimist or a man having lost his "road back to life," through despair and lack of strength to face the terrible conditions. He has a constructive program. The message of this great book is to instill hope and courage, after all trials and tribulations, for the sincere but despondent who must use his best efforts—however feeble—for a better social order. He writes:

I look quietly and composedly out into the darkness, for I am not afraid of the past any longer. . . . I send my thoughts back into the dugouts and shell-holes—but when they return they bring back neither fear nor horror with them, but only strength and will. I have awaited a storm that should deliver me, pluck away and now it has come softly, even without my knowledge. But it is here. While I was despairing, thinking everything lost, it was already quietly growing. . . . Now I know that growth also is division. And growth means relinquishing. And growth has no end. One part of my life was given over to the service of destruction; it belonged to hate, to enmity, to killing. But life remained in me. And that in itself is enough, of itself almost a purpose and a way. *I will work in myself and be ready;* I will bestir my hands and my thoughts. I will not take myself very seriously, nor push on when sometime I should like to be still. . . . *Not every one need be a pioneer; there is employment for feebler hands, lesser powers. It is there I mean to look for my place.* Then the dead will be silenced and the past not pursue me any more; it will assist me instead. . . . But today I know that all life is perhaps only a getting ready, a ferment in the individual, in many cells, in many channels, each for himself; and if the cells and channels of a tree but take up and carry further the onward urging sap, there will emerge at the last rustling and sunlit branches—crowns of leaves and freedom. I will begin now. . . . It will be a road like other roads, with stones and good stretches, with places torn up, with villages and fields—a road of toil. And I shall be alone. Perhaps sometimes I shall find some one to go with me a stage of the journey—but for all of it, probably no one. (pp. 341-343.)

Sustained by this philosophy of work and toil we all must find a road back to life. In our dreary hours of existence, we must toil for a better life and social order. This message is for us all, especially those who have lost the road of life and those who have not yet experienced the bitter experience of life. The author has a living faith in a brighter world, which will be the work of the youth—the new and future generation. Will they pay heed to this message of life, peace and freedom?

*Baden-Baden, Germany.* TARAKNATH DAS.

# Correspondence

### An Appeal for Help

Editor of UNITY:

I am just in receipt of a cable message from Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee, of Calcutta, India, in these words: "Devastating flood in Bengal. Millions starving and ruined. Would it be possible to get help from America?"

Mr. Chatterjee, as you know is Editor of *The Modern Review*, the most important monthly in India, and recently a President of the Brahmo Samaj. Bengal is the province in which Calcutta is located and in which a majority of the members of the Brahmo Samaj live.

Would not UNITY be willing to issue a special appeal immediately to send aid to the sufferers in this terrible calamity? It seems as if there must be many readers of UNITY who will be glad to respond generously to an appeal for so worthy and pressing a cause. UNITY has long been known as an earnest friend of India and a helper of the Indian people in every way in its power. Here is a new and important opportunity.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

*Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

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### An International Nation

Editor of UNITY:

Disarmament is today an economic necessity. But whether Peace and Disarmament are synonymous is still to be seen. Even if the Nations down arms they can retain their hostility to one another by the simple device of not recognizing each other. And even when Nationalism has been outgrown there would remain that other division —Religion. By means of symbols, however much they may be separated by latitude, people of each Faith would nurse a certain clannishness, and would ever be susceptible to any persuasion on behalf of such symbols. For it is not the holiness of religion that people have fought and fight for, but the supposed holiness in a piece of masonry, in a tree, in an image, in a scripture.

For no better reason than that it is the twentieth century, there are individuals like myself who, while belonging to the Part with all the necessary loyalty, yet belong and want to be identified with the Whole. To us religion is a private preference, an instinct that we possess and know, but cannot isolate and display: our Nationality is an incident like our parentage, to which we are grateful, of which we are proud, but no more. Civilization includes religion: Humanity absorbs nations. It is to Mankind and Civilization that we would belong.

At present we are indulgently dubbed polyglots, cosmopolites. We have to apologize for what we are, and explain why. We have no siciological, no political status. Why should we not unite and ask for World recognition? Why should we not be able to owe allegiance to an International Constitution? Being always the most prepared for such pro-international gestures like Disarmament, we are the most needed element now, and in the future. Will it not be characteristic of this century if we *form* a Nation, in contrast to the Nations that *have been formed* by accidents of geography and history involving, as they do now, all the incidental defects.

Unity and Uniformity shall both be our slogans. An International Nation would not only agree to such schemes as the 13-month calendar, but would also try to bring about uniformity and standardization of coinage, postage, traffic arrangements, and similar features that today demand an international standard. Extraneous conveniences of this nature will help to bring Nations nearer: they will not achieve the impossible, namely, the standardization of the individuality in Man.

But in all these reforms our concern would be to see that no fresh cleavages are made, no confusing strangeness is created. Thus, in the matter of language for example, we will not try to create a whole new language, but will exhort people to learn, in addition to their native language, another—either English or French, by common vote the most popular two languages. Differences on this point will not be insuperable, however.

Let it be clear that we intend no violation of religious or national susceptibilities. Taking them for granted, we make them subsidiary. Our unity will be in the larger outlook.

If sufficient interest is forthcoming it is proposed to hold an inaugural meeting of the International Nation in Paris at the time of the International Conference on Disarmament on 26th and 27th November, 1931. A second meeting can then be convened at Geneva in 1932 to coincide with the International Conference for the Reduction and Limitation of Armaments.

Will those interested kindly communicate with me, indicating whether (1) they will join the suggested International Nation, (2) they will attend an inaugural meeting as proposed in November.

J. VIJAYA-TUNGA.

112 *Gower Street, London, W.C.1.*

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### The Round Table Conference

Editor of UNITY:

Dear Sir:

I wrote in my letter to UNITY of July 6, "I suppose there is nothing in the world about which greater misunderstanding prevails today than the Gandhi-Irwin Truce and its implications" and further that "another year of stiff fight is ahead before India can get anything from Britain." I had then no idea that events would take a turn such as they have done. The Congress Working Committee has resolved that "the Congress can not and should not be represented at the R. T. C." Mahatma Gandhi has resolved not to proceed to London. Pundit Malviya and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu are following suit and the Indian Federation of Commerce has withdrawn its delegation. It has come like a bolt from the blue. It has left many close associates of India staggered and dumb. The whole outlook changed with the suddenness of a lightning flash. Within less than 48 hours before the sailing of S. S. Mooltan which was to carry Mahatmaji and his associates Gandhiji took the momentous decision. The R. T. C. has been stripped bare of its luxuriant dignity. It has been reduced to nullity. The farce at St. James' will be like Hamlet without the prince, a marriage party without the bridegroom. The communalists, the bureaucrats, the Britishers, the reactionaries and die-hards may now have a free hand; *Living India views the Conference as dead.* It is done. Simla has done it. Lord Willingdon and his advisers have completed the work of destruction championed by Churchill, Rothermere and his fire-eating gang.

Perchance you would like to know exactly how it came about. Gandhiji and Sardar Vallabh Bhai were among the peasants of Bardoli and Borsad. Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru and Pundit Malviya were among the "Kisans" (tenants) of the United Provinces. With their own eyes they saw the ways of the Steel Frame. They saw the iron hand of repression, their blood boiled at the way the poverty-stricken peasants were treated by the henchmen of the bureaucracy. The jackboots were trampling the downtrodden under their heels. The sight was appalling, ghastly, ghostly. Gandhiji and Jawahar could not bear it—not while there was truce, not while they were still out of prison. In his correspondence with the government asking for redress Mahatma Gandhi speaks of them as "terrible events" and "painful happenings" and adds that the government "have used not only coercive but repressive measures." He even states in so many words that, "I must regard the settlement and the implied faith as having been broken by the government and regard myself as free to take such action as may be necessary for the protection of the interests of the people whom congress represents," and added that "having learnt what had happened it would have been a breach of faith with the people on my part if I acted otherwise." His abstention is not a stroke of policy or a move of strategy. It is only the step of deep-rooted conviction, the bidding of an honest conscience, the dictate of the Inner Voice. Gandhiji's entire life is an open book. Love is the active principle of that life. Co-operation with good and non-cooperation with evil is the law of his life. If he has refused to go to the R. T. C. it is because he is convinced that no useful purpose can be served by his attending the same. As he himself has put it in today's *Navjivan*—his vernacular weekly—"When even after turning every stone and turning my very blood into water I find that I can not get even a semblance of justice on a very minor matter here at home, how am I to expect that I will get full justice on the major

issues at London? It is like seeking to gather flowers from the firmament, or grapes from thistle bushes." A prominent member of the Congress Cabinet put the whole case wisely and well when he said, "When the government is not prepared to restore to us a ruppee here our going to London and asking for a sterling has no meaning." It was to be an appeal from Phillip drunk to Phillip mad and would have done no good.

Sir Earnest Hotson, the acting governor of Bombay, is responsible for the whole breakdown. During the Civil Disobedience movement he had to his name deeds which would do no credit to a gentleman. He has simply added a new ribbon to his coat. Gandhiji asked for an arbitration board to interpret truce terms. He was refused. He asked for an independent tribunal to enquire whether truce was broken. He was refused. He suggested that a representative of the government and the Congress might sit and decide how the truce shall be properly carried on. He was refused. He requested for an impartial open inquiry by an officer of high standing in whom both government and the people might have confidence. He was refused. Almost on bended knees once again he asked for bread but received stone instead. Official red tape, bureaucratic prestige would not hear anything. "Away with all treaties, all pacts, all agreements. Mr. Churchill to the rescue," that was almost the frantic cry of the Almighties of India. But that was not to be. Gandhi would rather go to jail and rot there than leave his people to be crushed and killed by the mad dance of the officialdom.

History has repeated itself. Great empires and little minds go ill together. Seldom have administrators shown so much bankruptcy; seldom have they been more indiscriminate. Gandhiji was prepared to accept anything which would recognize the right of the people to have matters on which serious differences existed investigated by an open and impartial enquiry. He would accept that decision as honorable even though it went entirely against the Congress case. But he heard a plain and emphatic *no*. He wired to the Viceroy that "the letter raises issues of first magnitude of facts as well as law, and (the letter) contends that government must be the final judges on them both." That government should be both prosecutors and judge with reference to matters arising out of a contract to which they and the complainant—the Congress—are parties was a position impossible to accept for the Congress. But the Olympians would not come to terms and the alternative for Gandhi was clear. At last the golden bowl was broken and Mahatmaji dispatched his final wire: "In circumstances I regret to say there is no way left open to me but to confirm decision already conveyed. *I tried my utmost best to go to London but failed.*" To cut the ground from under his feet and then say that Gandhi would not go to London may be diplomacy in the language of the civilian but in ordinary language it is nothing short of breach of faith.

Those who say that Gandhiji took the government by surprise, that he was hasty in taking decision do not know facts. As early as the first week of July he had written to the government indicating distinct breaches of the truce terms; and when he saw no redress he wired to the Viceroy on 11th August that he could not sail if he saw no change. The Viceroy would not make a satisfactory arrangement and the curtain was rung down. The Congress Cabinet sat for eleven days and the last wire was discussed for four hours before the final decision was taken. As one of the members of the Cabinet described it, "There was a deep laid conspiracy among the officials to make it impossible for Gandhiji to proceed to London." They have succeeded. If ever the time for judgment comes it must be ruled that the guilt for Gandhiji's non-participation in the R. T. C. must be searched and located in quarters other than those of the Congress.

Those who are having their luncheons in the Viceregal lodge or breaking their bread in London have suggested that Gandhiji has been too particular about details, that he has been harping too much on the minor issues and that he has allowed major issues to slip by. They may be ignorant or they may be dishonest but they are not representing facts. They do not know that the peasants of Gujarat and U. P. are on their last legs. They do not know that their life, that their existence is one continuous struggle against starvation and death. That repression in these areas would be like administering a lighted match to the magazine powder. If there is any trampling from above the area may rise in revolt, that it may spread the whole of India and envelope the whole land in bloodshed and violence. Hunger is the father of revolution: hungry people do not argue, they simply rise. Any quack politician may esteem a trip to London to enjoy the hospitality of St. James' palace but that is not the way of Mahtma Gandhi. If his country's future requires that he should go to London he is not a man to hesitate, but he must at least feel the safety of his land from disorder and violence. Nonviolence is the breath of his nostrils and while government is fanning, consciously or unconsciously, the flames of anarchy, his only place is with his countrymen. Bureaucrats and civilians may say that Gandhiji has backed out of the agreement, liberals and sympathizers may opine that Gandhiji has missed a great opportunity, but the Indian people see the hand of God in Gandhiji's decision.

GOVINDLAL D. SHAH.

*Ahmedabad, India.*

P. S. Now when the sky is most clouded, when the outlook is most disappointing, Mahatma Gandhi has declared: "I would make a dash for London the moment the way is cleared for me." That "way" is the immediate implementing of the truce—stopping the trampling where trampling is on the powder magazine.

G. D. S.

[Later an agreement was reached, Gandhi made a "dash" for the ship and is participating in the Round Table Conference.—Ed.]

## The Field

(*Continued from page* 18)

Moreover, we are sentimentalists to the extent that we accept the dramatic march of the Israelites out of Egypt in all its enduring beauty. We do not care about the style of Moses' clothes nor the cut of his hair nor the number of his teeth. It is enough for us that he set his people free—That great fact cannot be obscured — Neither can Gandhi be laughed out of court.

The discussion of Anglo-Indian issues was quite another matter. Tension replaced trifling. The British Commonwealth was inadequately represented. The debate began with oratorical flourishes and intonations suggestive of the American politician—The demagogic manner was reintroduced with still greater crudity by another representative of the British Commonwealth of Nations before the discussion ended—A most unusual state of things, for the Briton has developed clarity and convincing force of address into a fine art. On this occasion, however, it was the Indians who carried off the honors.

The brilliancy of the two somewhat fiery Moslems, the calm logic of the serene Hindu economist—the sweet temper of the Christian Indian did much to sustain the assertion of Dr. V. H. Rutherford (M.P.) that the Indian is a more proficient debater than the Britain. This may be true in the legislative halls of India but it is doubtful if it has commonly been made manifest in public debates in this country.

America was extremely fortunate in being able to present an able and effective speaker who knew his subject, a young professor of international law. He discussed the Anglo-Indian issues from the American standpoint in a clear-cut argument based upon facts. There was no nonsense about it, no innuendoes, no confusing the main question by dwelling upon and expanding irrelevant details—He took a fairly moderate position and spoke with academic detachment but his conclusion was unequivocal — India must be free.

FLORA WHITE.

## A. U. A. Resolutions on Ten Subjects

**Proposed Union with the Universalists**

Resolutions covering a variety of vital subjects were passed by the American Unitarian Association. Following is a digest of these actions:

1. Endorsement of the program of intensive educational work undertaken by the Unitarian Temperance Society and a promise of rendering its support whenever possible.

2. Resolution looking toward closer union between the Universalist and Unitarian denominations, and providing for the appointment of a commission by President Cornish to confer

with the Universalists if he finds it advisable.

3. Whereas, our government with fifty-seven others has renounced war as a method for settling all international conflicts and has agreed that it will never seek the settlement of such disputes as may arise between nations except by pacific means, Resolved: That the American Unitarian Association in annual meeting assembled announce its unqualified support of this policy and its determination to abide thereby.

4. Whereas, the present and serious industrial depression which has continued for a period of eighteen months has resulted in decrease of salaries and of income from investments and in widespread unemployment and consequent suffering of millions of wage earners, be it hereby Resolved: That the American Unitarian Association in annual meeting assembled,

(a) Earnestly commends to all Unitarian ministers and congregations consideration of the causes and consequences of unemployment to the end that they may intelligently co-operate with the government and with industry in developing adequate relief and permanent prevention of unemployment.

(b) It urges ministers and congregations to recognize the co-operative character of all business involving an obligation of employer to employee in good times as well as in bad times to divide a fair share of the profits of industry and to provide adequate assistance in periods of depression.

(c) It urges on both state and national governments the necessity of immediate and far-reaching action to the end that suffering from the present emergency may be relieved and plans adopted to prevent abnormal unemployment in the future.

(d) And it requests the Department of Social Relations of the American Unitarian Association to continue and increase its attention to the problem of unemployment, keeping our ministers and congregations informed of the development in this field.

5. A resolution calling upon the churches to do their utmost to further intelligent study of the issues to come before the Disarmament Conferences and to have the Department of Social Relations devote special attention to this subject.

6. Regret for the great expenditure being made by the War Department for army and air maneuvers at this time of financial and business depression.

—*The Christian Register*

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## A Way to Respond to Appeal of Dr. Einstein

. . . Let this generation take the greatest step forward ever made in the life of man. Let it contribute to those who follow, the inestimable fight of a world in which the barbarity of war has been forever renounced. We can do it if we will. It requires only that all who hate war shall have the courage to say that they will not have war.

I appeal to all men and women, whether they be eminent or humble, to declare before the World Disarmament Conference which meets at Geneva in February, that they will refuse to give any further assistance to war or the preparation for war. I ask them to tell their goverments this in writing, and to register their decision by informing me that they have done so. . .

I have authorized the establishment of the 'Einstein War Resisters' International Fund.' Contributions to this fund should be sent to the Treasurer of the W. R. I., 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England.

ALBERT EINSTEIN.

Prof. Albert Einstein,
War Resisters' International,
11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England.

I wish to register with you as one who will never take any part in future wars. I will refuse to give any assistance in the preparation for war. I have written a personal letter to the President of the U. S., Hon. Herbert Hoover, accordingly.

Yours for the dawn of peace on earth.

Name (Miss, Mr. or Mrs.) .....

Address (Street) .....

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